

## **SUPER SHARK**

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SUPER SHARKACT ONE

1 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN 1

An upscale, planned community of orderly homes nestled in the foothills of Thousand Oaks. Over this we hear the LIVELY VOICES OF CARTOON CHARACTERS.

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 3

A young girl, CHARLIE (5) is watching her favorite CARTOON at the breakfast counter.

Her father, MARK BENFORD (30s) cooks a fried egg in the hole of a slice of bread (a "Moon Over Miami"). He serves it to Charlie and gives her a kiss. She remains fixed on the TV.

4 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CLOSET - MORNING 4

Mark, now dressed in shirt and jeans, punches a code into a keypad. He opens a SAFE, reaches inside to pull out a SIG- SAUER, a pair of HANDCUFFS, a BELT HOLSTER, a security access photo badge, and a credentials case.

There's a hand-written NOTE attached to his weapon:

*You're a crappy husband. I hate you.*

Mark smiles.

5 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING 5

OLIVIA BENFORD (30s) buried under the covers, stirring as Mark crouches beside her, whispers:

MARK

I hate you, too.

She smiles sleepily, gives him a kiss.

OLIVIA

Babe -- don't forget to look at the garage door? It's acting up again.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MARK

Already forgotten.

6 EXT. BENFORD HOUSE - MORNING

6

The GARAGE DOOR rises, then pauses mid-way in a halting manner, forcing Mark to climb out from under it. He stands next to his Government sedan, which is parked in the drive.

The gardener, HECTOR (50s), is hosing down the sidewalk.

MARK

Hey, Hector, would you mind checking the sycamore in back? I think it needs more water.

HECTOR

Sí, claro, Señor.

MARK

Thanks.

Just then, NICOLE (19), good-looking, pulls up in her car. She's carrying a Mint Mocha Chip Frappuccino with whipped cream. She wears a delicate silver cross necklace.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, Nicole.

NICOLE

Sorry I'm late.

MARK

Olivia's working a late-shift tonight. You think you could stay an extra hour or two?

NICOLE

No problem. I've gotta study anyway. Where's the monster?

MARK

Watching T.V.

Nicole heads for the front door as Mark drives away.

7 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

7

Mark in a group A.A. meeting. The current speaker is AARON STARK (40s), a power lineman wearing his DWP work-shirt.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

AARON

My daughter Tracy was 5'5", 118 pounds. But when the Marines shipped her body back from Afghanistan -- sorry, the "remains", they only weighed 37. Only reason I knew it was her at all was because they'd DNA'd what was left --

He pauses, emotions rising.

AARON (CONT'D)

So yeah, I took a drink that night --

8

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

8

The meeting over, Mark and Aaron walk to their cars. There's an easy rapport between them -- Aaron is Mark's sponsor.

MARK

You call Amanda yet?

AARON

Yeah, we're talking.

MARK

Really? Because she told Olivia she never heard from you.

AARON

Hey, I'm your sponsor. I'm the one supposed to be riding you. Not the other way around.

Mark just looks at Aaron.

AARON (CONT'D)

All right, all right, I'm getting around to it.

MARK

Come on, Aaron, just call. She's cool. I met her.

AARON

Nurses creep me out.

They reach Aaron's DWP utility van.

MARK

It's a date. She's not giving you an enema.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

AARON

How do you know that's not my thing?

MARK

(laughing)

See you next week.

As Mark walks off, Aaron climbs into his van.

9 INT. DWP - VAN

9

Aaron folds down his sun visor and glances at a photograph that's been clipped there: his DAUGHTER at her military graduation, wearing her formal Marine Corps dress uniform.

He stares at the photo a moment, then starts the van.

10 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

10

Olivia is now awake, sitting in her robe, drinking tea. In the background, we see Nicole playing with Charlie.

Olivia is on the phone, leaving a voice-mail message.

OLIVIA

Bryce -- it's Olivia. You weren't at rounds yesterday and you'd better have a damn good reason. Call me immediately.

As she hangs up the phone with concern --

11 EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

11

BRYCE VARLEY (20s) walks towards the edge of the pier. He's dressed in casual clothes. Carries a backpack. He's looking down at his cellphone, sees he has a voice-mail from "OLIVIA BENFORD". He considers it, then pockets the phone.

He pauses at the railing, taking in the morning air. He's alone, except for a PAIR OF NEARBY FISHERMAN and a BALLOON VENDOR setting up for the day. Bryce stares out at --

THE OCEAN

A DOZEN SURFERS are paddling about, catching waves.

After a moment, Bryce removes his wallet. He opens it, revealing his ID, and carefully sets it on the railing.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Then Bryce reaches into the backpack and pulls out a HANDGUN. He stares down at it, troubled and contemplative.

12 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY 12

Mark's daughter, Charlie, is peacefully napping in her bed. From elsewhere in the house we hear RAP MUSIC.

13 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY 13

MOVING down the hall towards the source of the music into --

14 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 14

REVEAL the babysitter, Nicole, fucking her boyfriend, JOEL (20). She's enjoying the moment, but is also preoccupied. The music is coming from an iPod: EVE'S "SATISFACTION".

JOEL  
What's wrong?

NICOLE  
I thought I heard Charlie.

JOEL  
Charlie's asleep.

NICOLE  
This is so wrong.

JOEL  
Which is why you love it.

NICOLE  
Dude, as soon as we're done, you gotta get your ass out of here.

JOEL  
So stop talking and get to work!

15 TELEPHOTO LENS POV 15

Of a DOWNTOWN VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT. The POV follows an ARABIC MAN as he walks inside. Over this:

DEMETRI (O.C.)  
So then we get to the subject of our first dance, right?

16

INT. MARK'S SEDAN - DAY

16

DEMETRI NOH (32) peers through a digital camera. The sedan is parked a block away from the restaurant.

DEMETRI

And I'm sorry, but Zoey picks one of the corniest songs of all time. "*Islands In the Stream*" -- that old Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton duet? We used to sing it when we did karaoke. But that was when we were like, really drunk, you know?

He lowers the camera.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

I put up with it when we were dating 'cause that's what you do, right? But this is for real now. This is going on record. My friends are gonna be there. My family. I can't dance to "*Islands In The Stream*". I'll never live it down.

He turns to Mark, who sits at the wheel, reading the paper. Both men are wearing Kevlar vests beneath their clothes.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

You don't care about any of this, do you?

MARK

What do you want me to say, don't marry her? Don't marry her. The odds are against you anyway.

DEMETRI

You're still married.

MARK

By the skin of our teeth. I'm surprised Olivia didn't leave me a long time ago.

DEMETRI

So what did you guys dance to?

MARK

(thinks a beat)  
I can't even remember.

Demetri sees something, raises the camera.

(CONTINUED)



16

CONTINUED:

16

DEMETRI

Here we go.

TELEPHOTO LENS POV

The Arabic man is leaving the restaurant with another ARABIC MAN and a CAUCASIAN WOMAN - ALDA HERTZOG (30s). They climb into a dark SUV.

MARK

(picking up a radio)

Showtime. Khalid, Omar, unknown female. They're going mobile in a black SUV. South on Alameda.

17

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MORNING

17

TWO FBI AGENTS are waiting, watching surveillance monitors.

MARK (OVER RADIO)

Bobby, you're on point. They should pass you in twenty seconds.

More RADIO TRAFFIC as one of the agents starts the van.

18

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

18

The VAN pulls into traffic AHEAD of the SUV. The two vehicles PASS BY. Moments later, Mark's SEDAN follows.

19

INT. MARK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

19

Mark drives, watching the SUV. Dem works a LAPTOP. On the speaker, we OVERHEAR the people in the SUV speaking ARABIC.

Mark listens, then hits speed dial on his cell phone.

INTERCUT:

20

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

20

Los Angeles Bureau. Dozens of agents working. One of them, JANIS HAWK, a tomboyish analyst, picks up a blinking line.

JANIS

(into phone)

Janis Hawk.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

MARK  
(into cell phone)  
It's Benford. Get Wedeck.  
Suspects are on the move.

Janis waves over ASSISTANT DIRECTOR STANFORD WEDECK (40s).  
As he joins her, Janis puts Mark on speakerphone.

JANIS  
Mark, I'm putting you on speaker.

WEDECK  
What've you got?

21 INT. MARK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

21

As before.

MARK  
Khalid, Omar, and an unidentified  
Caucasian woman. We're emailing  
you pictures right now.

Dem starts uploading the surveillance photos.

22 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

22

Photos of the Caucasian woman (Alda) leaving the restaurant  
APPEAR on a nearby monitor. Wedeck eyes them.

WEDECK  
Who is she?

MARK  
That's the "unidentified" part,  
sweetheart.

Wedeck rolls his eyes, looks to Janis.

WEDECK  
Get this to digital forensics. Run  
it by Immigration and Customs  
Enforcement, too.

23 INT. MARK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

23

Through the windshield, we see the SUV accelerate, then veer  
suddenly into the opposing lane.

DEMETRI  
They made us, they're running!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

Mark jerks the wheel, cutting across lanes.

Ahead of them, the SUV screeches through an intersection, heading onto a bridge and into oncoming traffic. It collides with a PICKUP TRUCK, causing the truck to flip over it.

24 EXT. 6TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY 24

A high-speed CHASE ensues. Both cars weave dangerously through traffic as vehicles swerve around them.

25 INT. MARK'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY 25

Mark is focused on the SUV, Dem is now on his cell.

DEMETRI  
Careful! Careful!

MARK  
I got it! Get us some backup!

DEMETRI  
(into cell phone)  
Suspects are fleeing West on 6th.  
Black Tahoe, license 8, QUEEN,  
ROBERT, 7, 2, 2, Young. We need  
LAPD and air support!

26 EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY 26

Bryce Varley is still at the pier, clenching the handgun. He deliberates for a few seconds more, then abruptly --

BRYCE  
Screw it.

-- presses the gun to his head and tightens up on the trigger.

27 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 27

Nicole and Joel continue fucking, lost in the moment.

28 EXT. 6TH STREET BRIDGE / INTERSECTION - DAY 28

As the SUV comes screaming off the bridge, it runs a light, SMASHING into ANOTHER CAR, which spins out. Mark's car follows just behind.

29 EXT. BEAUDRY STREET - DAY 29

The SUV speeds up an incline, but a PRODUCE TRUCK barreling through the upcoming intersection forces the SUV onto the 4th street overpass.

30 INT. MARK'S SEDAN - MOVING 30

Mark SWERVES, narrowly avoiding the truck. Dem laughs.

MARK

What are you laughing at?

DEMETRI

I don't know! I've never done this before!

MARK

Put on your seat belt!

Mark reaches for his belt. Demetri does the same even as they nearly collide with a TANKER TRUCK and --

A STARTLING EFFECT as we perceive stuttering images of ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE.

30A **FLASH FORWARD: A glimpse into MARK'S FUTURE six months, three weeks, two days from now. There is a hyper-clarity to the vision that is anything but dream-like.** 30A

**POV - A WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND INDEX CARDS**

**People. Places. We see the investigation designation printed on every piece of evidence: MOSAIC. REVEAL WE'RE IN --**

31 INT. FBI HQ - MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD) 31

Mark stands in his office, adjacent to the empty FBI bullpen. Studying the Mosaic investigation board with a sense of urgency. Red-eyed, unshaven. Cuts and abrasions on his face. As if he's been through hell.

**THE BOARD**

**A photograph and rap sheet labeled: "D. GIBONS".**

**A photograph: The half-melted, charred face of a BABY DOLL. Next to the doll head is a BULLET CASING and a numbered EVIDENCE CARD.**

**A MAP of Baltimore with a SCRAP OF PAPER pinned to it that reads "BLUE HAND".**

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

**BACK TO MARK**

Staring at the images, trying to make sense of them. He looks down at his desk to write a note --

**CLOSE ON MARK'S TREMBLING HAND**

Writing the words: "WHO ELSE KNOWS?". We notice he's wearing a "FRIENDSHIP BRACELET" (like the kind a child would make).

Then a SUDDEN NOISE. Mark looks up, anxious. He unholsters his SIG and chambers a round. He turns out the lights, then takes up position near the window, cautiously peers into --

**POV - THE ATRIUM**

TWO OMINOUS, SILHOUETTED FIGURES are moving with intent toward Mark's office. Both are wearing translucent plastic Halloween masks to blur their features. Both are armed.

CLOSE ON one of the figure's wrist -- where we see a DISTINCTIVE THREE-STAR TATTOO.

**BACK TO MARK**

Readying his weapon, terrified. IMAGES from the PRESENT STUTTER BACK IN and we are BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

32

INT. MARK'S SEDAN - DAY

32

Mark regains consciousness. He's UPSIDEDOWN and covered in windshield glass. The sedan has been in a terrible CRASH and is now lying on it's roof.

Demetri is nowhere to be seen. His seat is empty.

We hear SCREAMS from outside the car. Mark contorts his body to slide out of the shattered windshield.

33

EXT. 4TH STREET OVERPASS - DAY

33

Mark takes in the scene with open-mouthed astonishment. Every car on the overpass has CRASHED.

As Mark walks, we notice a burning TANKER TRUCK behind him. It EXPLODES in a blast of flame, sending shrapnel everywhere.

Mark DUCKS as one of the tanker's wheels sails over his head. Then he sees a CAR teeter-tottering on the edge of the overpass. It falls onto the freeway below.

Mark keeps walking, in shock, looking for his partner.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Demetri!

No sign of him. Mark sees a CRUSHED MINIVAN, the only survivor, a BARKING DOG. ANOTHER SURVIVOR stumbles out of their car, nursing a compound fracture.

Mark sees TWO CARS tangled together. One car atop a CONVERTIBLE. THE PASSENGER has been CRUSHED by the car resting above them, decapitated.

Someone grabs Mark's arm. An ASIAN MAN is crying hysterically in his native language. But Mark doesn't understand him. Japanese? Korean? We don't know.

Mark pulls away from him and jumps onto the roof of a nearby car for a better view --

A PILE UP DOWN THE 110 AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE

IN BOTH DIRECTIONS. Thousands of cars. Survivors with varying injuries are climbing from their vehicles in a similar daze.

Mark looks beyond the overpass, sees PILLARS OF SMOKE and FIRES dotting the urban landscape. A BURNING HELICOPTER embedded in a sky-rise. It's obvious that some sort of massive CITYWIDE CATASTROPHE has occurred. An earthquake? Terrorist attack? God only knows.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

34 EXT. 4TH STREET OVERPASS - DAY

34

Mark jumps down off the car. The produce truck, which they nearly hit earlier, is now on its side, having spilled hundreds of Valencia oranges across the asphalt.

DEMETRI (O.C.)

What happened --?

ANGLE ON DEMETRI,

having been thrown from the car, badly scraped up but otherwise okay.

MARK

Are you all right?

DEMETRI

Yeah, yeah, I think so --  
(glancing around)

We were driving -- I blacked out.

MARK

Me, too.

CRIES for help nearby. They see a WOMAN by a BURNING CAR.

DISTRESSED WOMAN

Help! My husband's trapped!

Mark and Demetri approach. A MAN is trapped in the car. Mark and Demetri reach through the flames and extricate him.

35 EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

35

Bryce wakes up. He's on his back, his head is bleeding.

BRYCE'S POV - THE SKY ABOVE

A CLUSTER OF BALLOONS is adrift, slowly rising into the air.

Bryce touches the wound on his head, disoriented. Did he fire the gun? No. He sees his handgun nearby. He must've hit his head on the ground when he fell.

He looks over -- SEES the two fisherman and the balloon vendor. They're also on the ground, coming to. Then Bryce hears SHOUTS from below. He looks over the railing --

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

THE WATER

Of the dozen surfers seen earlier, all but two have drowned. Their bodies float amongst the waves or have washed ashore. The two SURVIVING SURFERS are screaming for help.

ON BRYCE

Realizing that something terrible has happened. He looks down to the gun at his feet. He shoves it into his backpack. Then he cups his hands and SHOUTS to the two survivors:

BRYCE

Just hold on! I'm a doctor! I'll  
be right there!

He takes off running down the pier.

36

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

The music is still playing. Joel lies on the couch, coming to. He glances around -- no sign of Nicole. Then he notices a foot on the edge of the couch. He rolls over and peers down --

ON NICOLE

sprawled on the carpet, her one leg still draped on the edge of the couch. The carpet beneath her is stained with blood. Looks like she fell and struck her head on the coffee table.

JOEL

Nicole!

Nicole stirs, focuses on Joel.

NICOLE

What happened --?

JOEL

You okay?

Nicole doesn't answer, suddenly alarmed.

NICOLE

Oh crap -- Charlie!

She stands, pulling a blanket around her as she rushes out.

37

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

37

Nicole stops in the doorway, eyes fixed on --

(CONTINUED)



37

CONTINUED:

37

CHARLIE

who is sitting up in bed, a curious look on her face.

CHARLIE

I had a bad dream.

Nicole rushes to Charlie's side.

NICOLE

Sweetie, are you okay?

Charlie is shell-shocked by whatever she saw in her "dream".

CHARLIE

No more good days.

Off Nicole's puzzled look we --

38

EXT. 4TH STREET OVERPASS - DAY

38

MORE CRIES for help. Demetri grabs Mark by the shirt and pulls him out of the moment.

DEMETRI

We gotta call this in -- call 911.

Mark looks at the mass carnage.

MARK

Trust me, they know. Try the office, see if they can tell us what happened.

Demetri nods, pulls out his cell phone. FOLLOW Mark as he keeps walking down the highway, taking in the scene with amazement, still trying to comprehend what's happened.

He pulls out his own phone, hits speed-dial #1: "Olivia."

On his phone, we hear an "ALL CIRCUITS ARE BUSY" message. Demetri walks up behind him --

DEMETRI

I can't get through.

MARK

Me neither.

He starts in that direction, but stops when he sees --

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

THE DARK SUV

It's had a violent collision with the center divider. Mark trades looks with Demetri and they move toward it with caution, triangulating on it, using other vehicles for cover as they draw their weapons in the Weaver stance --

39

INT. SUV / EXT. 4TH STREET OVERPASS - DAY

39

The two Arabic men up front are DEAD. But Alda is still alive. Mark opens the rear door and leans in, gun drawn.

MARK

Don't move --

Demetri pushes past him.

DEMETRI

They had something to do with this --  
(to woman, losing it)  
We know you were planning an  
attack. What is this? What did  
you do?!

Alda doesn't answer, dazed. Demetri roughly drags her out of the SUV and pins her against the vehicle.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

You bitch! Tell me what happened!

MARK

Dem, take it easy --

Demetri ignores him, boring into Alda.

DEMETRI

We know about the suitcase -- did  
you set it off?! Answer me!

ALDA

I don't know -- I blacked out, I was  
somewhere else. There was a storm,  
the horses were scared --

DEMETRI

What are you talking about?!

MARK

Just calm down! Calm down.

Mark holsters his weapon and pulls Demetri back.

(CONTINUED)

MARK (CONT'D)

Does this look like a "dirty bomb"  
to you? Does it?!

Demetri ceases struggling, doesn't answer.

MARK (CONT'D)

We don't know what this is. Maybe  
they weren't even involved --  
(looking at Alda)  
Don't worry about her right now.  
She's not going anywhere.

TEENAGED BOY (O.C.)

Are you guys cops?

PEOPLE have gathered around, eyeing their guns nervously.

MARK

FBI. It's okay. It's cool.

NERVOUS WOMAN

What happened?

MARK

We don't know.

OLDER MAN

Gotta be the Big One.  
(glancing around)  
Look at this mess. Gotta be.

TEENAGED BOY

When's help getting here?

MARK

I don't know --

MORE PEOPLE are gathering, looking to Mark and Demetri for  
answers. They're the only authority figures present.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, until emergency services  
arrives, we need to stay calm and  
help whoever we can --

TRUCKER

They ain't coming.

DEMETRI

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

TRUCKER

I just heard on my radio -- some guy in San Diego. They're dealing with the same thing. This is more than just L.A., man.

A chilling beat as everyone takes this in. Mark pulls out his phone again, hits speed dial. Gets another busy message. He tries home, gets the same message.

DEMETRI

(worried)

I can't get through to Zoey. What about Olivia -- you heard anything?

MARK

No.

DEMETRI

Zoey's in Long Beach. There's no way I can get to her now. But Olivia's nearby, right? I mean, how far's the hospital? Two miles? You can make it on foot.

MARK

I can't just --

Torn between family and duty, Mark looks to the SUV and the female suspect leaning against the car.

DEMETRI

We can't do anything here, you know that. Go check on your family.

Mark takes a long beat, then nods.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark starts away. The Trucker YELLS after him:

TRUCKER

Where you going?!

Mark ignores him, picks up the pace. Eyes never wavering from the path ahead, blocking out the carnage around him.

Mark races down the street, weaving through the chaos: wrecked cars, PEOPLE milling about. We hear SIRENS.

(CONTINUED)

He runs past a series of STOREFRONTS, ignoring LOOTERS who have already descended like carrion feeders.

MORE SURREAL SIGHTS

-- THREE MILITARY CHOPPERS zooming overhead --

-- FOUR DEAD CROWS in the street, wings outstretched --

-- an ELDERLY MAN, wandering naked down the sidewalk --

-- a BUS that has plowed into a STARBUCKS-LIKE COFFEE SHOP --

-- an intersection FLOODED BY A BROKEN WATER MAIN. THREE BODIES floating in ankle-deep water. One of them is a cop.

-- more bizarrely, a KANGAROO hopping down a side street --

Mark rounds a corner. Slows as he sees --

A CROWD gathered outside a window display, watching the VARIOUS TELEVISIONS. All are showing LIVE NEWS REPORTS. In the intersection beyond is an ABANDONED COP CAR, doors open, LIGHTS STILL FLASHING.

Mark approaches, eyes darting from monitor to monitor. Though he can't hear the broadcasts, the images convey an unmistakable reality: THIS DISASTER IS WORLD-WIDE.

PERSON IN THE CROWD

My God, it's the whole world. It happened everywhere.

ON THE MONITORS

Live feeds from across the globe: New York, Washington, Paris, Tokyo. All consumed by carnage and disorder.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

42 EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

42

Mark is still watching the news broadcasts from around the globe, trying to process the enormity of the situation. His cellphone RINGS. At first, Mark doesn't even register it. Then, Mark sees "Olivia" on the caller ID:

MARK

(into cell phone, frantic)  
Livy! I'm here! I'm here! Are  
you alright?!!

INTERCUT:

43 INT. ANGELES REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - ICU - DAY

43

Olivia is wearing surgical garb, spattered in blood.

She's at the triage door, which is insane with activity. STAFF SHOUTING, panicked PATIENTS. An overwhelming influx of emergencies as Olivia and her coworkers try to determine which patients are stable, unstable, or dead.

OLIVIA

(into cell phone)  
Thank God I got a hold of you!  
I've been trying for half an hour --

MARK

My God, honey -- Charlie --

OLIVIA

She's okay. Nicole called. She'll  
stay put till one of us gets home --

MARK

Are you okay?!

OLIVIA

I'm fine, but it's crazy here. We  
were in the middle of surgery and  
we all lost consciousness.  
Everyone. It was over two minutes.  
The patient died while we were out.

MARK

I was Downtown, same thing --  
(mind racing)  
So everyone there blacked out?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Everyone, Mark. We thought it was just the hospital, but then Corrie got a call from her mother in Chicago. It happened there too --

MARK

I know. It looks like this thing was global.

OLIVIA

That's impossible --

Then Olivia's attention is drawn to TWO PARAMEDICS wheeling in a YOUNG BOY strapped to a gurney.

DYLAN SIMCOE

Dylan is on a backboard, with a collar around his neck. His pants have been cut to the groin and his shirt has been cut down the middle.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Babe, I gotta go --

MARK

Alright. I'll get home when I can. I love you --

But Olivia has already hung up. STAY WITH her as she hurries alongside the gurney carrying the injured boy.

PARAMEDIC #1

Got an 8 year-old, boy, ped versus car. It plowed through a fence at an elementary school. Head injury on the left, abdominal bruising.

OLIVIA

Vitals?

PARAMEDIC #2

Heart rate 140, BP 86 over palp. Looks like a GCS of 6 --

Just then, Bryce, the man contemplating suicide, joins them.

BRYCE

Doctor Benford!

OLIVIA

Where the hell have you been, Bryce? Get into your scrubs and meet me in E.R.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

Olivia turns back to the boy, who stares up at her face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay, honey.

DYLAN

I know, Olivia.

OLIVIA

How'd you know my name?

DYLAN

You have a rooster. There's  
vanilla wafers in it.

Before Olivia can respond, the boy is whisked away.

44

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - DAY

44

Mark makes his way through the CROWDED BULLPEN with his boss, Wedeck. VARIOUS AGENTS are at their stations, working the phones, dealing with the crisis. Some have minor injuries, others look shell-shocked or are crying.

MARK

What've we heard from Washington?

WEDECK

More of the same. Everybody's just gathering intel. CIA, Homeland Security, our various LEGATS offices overseas -- no one knows anything.

MARK

So it's a world-wide phenomenon, near as we can tell. People from all corners losing consciousness at exactly the same moment --

WEDECK

-- and for the same duration. Two minutes, seventeen seconds.

MARK

How is that even possible?

At this point, AGENT CURDY, an officious, tightly-wound agent joins them as they're on the move.

WEDECK

We've eliminated nuclear launches, EMPs, chemical agents.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



44

CONTINUED:

44

WEDECK (CONT'D)

The fact that it appears to be global would seem to rule out the possibility of a terrorist attack --

AGENT CURDY

No credible party, as yet, has stepped forward to claim responsibility.

MARK

What about natural phenomena, then? Seismic activity?

AGENT CURDY

Already called Cal-Tech. Nothing. NASA's checking into more exotic explanations -- solar flares, gamma bursts, that kind of thing. So far, they're coming up empty.

WEDECK

(gallows humor)

What about the Vatican? Has the Pope chimed in yet?

They arrive at a conference room crammed with FBI PERSONNEL. The mood is a tense mixture of urgency and disbelief.

45

INT. ANGELES REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - E.R. - DAY

45

Olivia, Bryce, and the rest of the trauma team are hovering around Dylan, desperately trying to save him. He's conscious, but in distress and starting to fight them.

OLIVIA

Hold him down!

A NURSE draws blood. Bryce presses on the boy's abdomen, while Olivia listens to his chest with a stethoscope.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I've got decreased breath sounds on the left and crepitus. A possible tension pneumothorax, secondary to a punctured lung.

(to Bryce)

He needs a left chest tube stat. We don't release the pressure soon, it's gonna stop his heart from beating.

(to Nurse)

Prep a tray and get me a 20 French test tube.

(CONTINUED)

As the Nurse hurries off, Olivia glances back to Bryce, who is checking the pulse oximeter.

BRYCE

Sats are 90 per cent.

OLIVIA

Get him ready for a chest tube --

Suddenly, Dylan's vitals are BEEPING. The boy is crashing. Bryce rolls the boy over on his side.

BRYCE

He's going South, his sats are dropping --

OLIVIA

Get me more oxygen!

Olivia SHOUTS in the direction the nurse ran:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that chest tube tray?! We need it now!

MORE BEEPING. Bryce checks the monitors.

BRYCE

No pulse! Blood pressure is 40!  
What do we do?

OLIVIA

We're gonna crack his chest! Get me Betadine!

Bryce pours Betadine all over the boy's chest.

Olivia grabs an 18-gauge needle and as she inserts it into Dylan's chest, she tells Bryce what she's doing:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Second intercostal space in the midclavicular line.

Dylan SCREAMS. She makes an incision with a scalpel under Dylan's left armpit.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Spreader!

Bryce hands her a spreader, which Olivia inserts into the incision. With a WHOOSH, blood and trapped air spray out through the incision, splashing over Olivia.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Chest tube tray!

The Nurse arrives with the chest tube. She hands it to Bryce, who pushes it into the boy's chest. As Olivia sews up the incision around the tube, Bryce checks his vitals:

BRYCE

(optimistic)

His sats are improving! BP's normalizing!

Olivia connects the chest tube to a pleurivac and sighs, relieved that the immediate crisis is over. To Bryce:

OLIVIA

Close him up. Then let's get him in the CT scanner. I want to check out that head injury.

Then Olivia draws closer to Bryce, lowers her voice.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Nice job, but don't think you're off the hook. I still want to know where you were yesterday.

Bryce nods as Olivia walks away.

Wedeck presses his staff for information.

WEDECK

We need to wrap our heads around the scope of this thing. Shut off the consciousness of the entire human race for two minutes, and what would the death toll be? How many cars collided? We've got planes down at LAX -- how many more across the country?

AGENT VREEDE

FAA's reporting eighty-seven aircraft down in the United States alone. Air Force Two was one of them. The veep was on board.

A somber moment as everyone takes this in.

(CONTINUED)

WEDECK

Okay. What about hospitals?  
Operations? Births that were in  
process --  
(realizing the magnitude)  
-- people probably died walking up  
a flight of stairs --

AGENT CURDY

Globally, projected estimates are  
pretty staggering. Twenty, thirty -  
- forty million people, maybe.

The room falls silent for a somber moment as everyone takes  
that in. Then Mark steps forward --

MARK

What about the blackouts  
themselves, sir?

WEDECK

What about them?

MARK

We've been saying people have been  
blacking out, but that wasn't my  
experience. For me, it was more  
like a dream. Only more vivid than  
that. One second I was in a car,  
and next, I was somewhere else --

JANIS

The same thing happened to me.

AGENT VREEDE, an older agent nearing retirement age, is  
deeply shaken by this experience.

AGENT VREEDE

Me too.

Others nod as well. There's a consensus around the room.

AGENT CURDY

That's consistent with reports  
we've been hearing. During the  
blackout, people seemed to have  
experienced some kind of  
hallucination --

MARK

-- except that mine didn't feel  
like a hallucination.

(CONTINUED)

WEDECK

What's your point, Benford?

MARK

I didn't just lose consciousness. It felt more like my consciousness went somewhere else. Like I was having a memory. But it wasn't of the past.

(beat)

It was of the future.

JANIS

So like what? A flash-forward?

MARK

Yes.

(re: bullpen)

I was in my office. It was night.

46A **FLASH-FORWARD: Mark in his office, near the empty bullpen.** 46A

MARK (CONT'D)

It was ten-o'clock, on the hour. I remember that. I was looking out into the atrium. And I happened to see the date -- April 29th, 2010. About half a year from now --

AGENT VREEDE

Hold on. April 29th?

(off Mark's nod)

I saw the same date. It was on the news --

AGENT CURDY

Same for me. April 29th, ten PM.

MARK

Look, on my way here I talked to at least a dozen people who had the same experience. A vision of themselves in the future.

Others are nodding as well -- mystified, but also, oddly relieved that they weren't alone in their experience.

ON WEDECK

A shaken expression. He's obviously had the same experience, but doesn't elaborate on it yet.

(CONTINUED)

WEDECK

So you're saying -- what?  
Everyone's consciousness just  
jumped forward six months to April  
29th?

MARK

Crazy as that sounds -- yeah.

JANIS

Come on! That's ridiculous.

MARK

So is seven billion people blacking  
out at exactly the same time.

ANGLE ON Demetri escorting the handcuffed Caucasian woman  
(Alda) from the SUV. As he sits her down in a chair and  
handcuffs her to it --

DEMETRI

Wait here. Someone will deal with  
you in a minute.

ALDA

We didn't do this.

DEMETRI

Even if you didn't, you were still  
planning on killing thousands of  
people -- so sit down and shut up.

Alda complies. Demetri looks up to see Mark approaching and  
moves to meet him.

MARK

(relieved to see him)  
You get a hold of Zoey?

DEMETRI

She's okay, thank God. What about  
Olivia?

MARK

She's fine. So's Charlie.

DEMETRI

(rattled)  
Everything's falling apart out  
there. It's like the end of the  
world.

Just then, AGENT GOUGH, who was silent during the meeting, approaches Mark.

AGENT GOUGH

Mark, you have a sec? There may be a way to corroborate what we were talking about in there --

MARK

What do you mean?

AGENT GOUGH

Well, in my -- "flash-forward" -- it was April 30th, six AM. But I was in London. That's eight hours ahead from the West Coast, so that makes sense.

DEMETRI

Flash-forward? What are you talking about?

MARK

I'll explain later.  
(to Gough)  
Tell me what you saw.

GOUGH

I was having a meeting with our liaison at New Scotland Yard -- Fiona Banks. I remember we were interrupted because this bird --

He pauses, recalling the moment.

MARK

Keep going --

AGENT GOUGH

We were at her office --

47A

**FLASH-FORWARD: Gough sitting across from an attractive female British agent, BANKS.**

47A

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)

We were talking about a case that I don't think even exists yet -- the Rutherford Case? Does that ring a bell for you?

Mark shakes his head. Demetri listens with curiosity.

47

CONTINUED: (2)

47

AGENT GOUGH (CONT'D)

The point is, I had a vision of  
Fiona Banks. Let's see if she had  
a vision of me.

48

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

FIONA BANKS (30s), the British Agent seen in Gough's flash-  
forward is walking down a hallway, answering her cellphone.

INSPECTOR BANKS

(into cell phone)

Inspector Banks.

INTERCUT:

49

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WEDECK'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Mark, Demetri, and Gough have joined Wedeck at his desk,  
listening to Banks on speaker phone.

AGENT GOUGH

Fiona. This is Al Gough, FBI. I'm  
here with my colleagues in L.A. --

INSPECTOR BANKS

My God, Al. I know why you're  
calling. You want to know what I  
saw?

AGENT GOUGH

Yes. We all do.

INSPECTOR BANKS

We were sitting in my office --

AGENT GOUGH

What date?

INSPECTOR BANKS

April 30th.

AGENT GOUGH

What time?

Banks pauses by a large window overlooking London. The city  
is in ruins from the global black-out. Big Ben is in flames.

INSPECTOR BANKS

I don't know -- six in the morning?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



INSPECTOR BANKS (CONT'D)

Don't ask me why we were meeting so early. Something about the Rutherford Case --?

AGENT GOUGH

Yes, yes! And something interrupted us --

INSPECTOR BANKS

A bird. It flew into the window. Broke its neck.

AGENT GOUGH

So our visions were the same.

Gough looks to Mark, Demetri, and Wedeck, who listen in stunned amazement. Wedeck nods to Mark.

WEDECK

Looks like you were right, Benford. These flash-forwards are real.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WEDECK'S OFFICE - DAY 50

Mark, Wedeck, Demetri, and Janis are watching a bank of monitors tuned to various news broadcasts. One of them shows a TABLE OF PUNDITS engaged in a debate.

On another, a NEUROLOGIST talks with a MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT.

NEUROLOGIST

-- interestingly enough, when the world-wide blackout occurred, many people across the country were undergoing various brain scans at that exact moment.

51 OMITTED 51

52 INT. BENFORD HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY 52

Nicole, the Benford's babysitter, sits on the couch, watching the same program. Charlie sits in her lap.

NEUROLOGIST

In each of these cases, the hippocampus -- the *memory* center of the brain -- was actively engaged during the entire two minutes and seventeen seconds. These thought patterns were consistent with a waking experience. These people were not asleep. They weren't dreaming.

MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

Then what were they experiencing?

NEUROLOGIST

By all appearances, memories of events that haven't occurred yet.

CLOSE ON Nicole, holding back tears for the sake of Charlie. She fingers the silver cross she wears around her neck.

53 INT. ANGELES REGIONAL MED. CENTER - NURSE STATION - DAY 53

Amidst the chaos, Olivia takes a much-needed breather. Behind her, Bryce and OTHER STAFF MEMBERS are gathered around a TV, watching a SECOND NEWS PROGRAM.

(CONTINUED)

## PUNDIT #1

-- so everyone saw the future. But was it the same future?

## PUNDIT #2

It certainly seems like it. Hundreds of thousands of people were watching news broadcasts, reading newspapers, internet blogs. The details seem to be the same.

Olivia looks at her cellphone, which shows a photo of Mark and Charlie. Overcome with emotion, she types a quick text:

*Hope I never see you again.*

Mark, Wedeck, Janis, and Demetri are now focusing on another monitor tuned to the second program.

## PUNDIT #2

Senator Glenway will be facing ethics charges. The Dow will be on an upswing. Food riots will be happening in Ghana. Apple is going to roll-out a new operating system-- the list goes on and on.

Under this, Mark's cellphone CHIRPS. He checks it, SEES Olivia's text: "Hope I never see you again."

He smiles, fatigued, but happy to hear from her. Types:

*That's okay. I never loved you anyway.*

Mark hits "SEND" as he shifts his focus to the TV:

## PUNDIT #2 (CONT'D)

A remarkably consistent picture of the events of that day are starting to form. It's like a mosaic that's being filled in.

Mark reacts to this last sentiment. It seems to strike a chord with him.

## MARK

Mosaic. That was the name of the investigation I was working on in my vision. It had to do with what caused all this.

54

CONTINUED:

54

WEDECK

Did you see anything that was helpful?

54A

**FLASH-FORWARD: Mark looking at the MOSAIC investigation board: People. Places. Maps. Handwritten notes.**

54A

MARK

Photographs, names, people of interest. If this really was the future we all saw, I guess they will be leads. But none of them make any sense to me right now.

WEDECK

Anything else?

Mark hesitates. It's obvious there's more to what he saw, but instead of elaborating:

MARK

No. That was it.

WEDECK

(to Demetri)

What about you? What'd you see?

DEMETRI

(reluctant to talk about it)

Nothing. I blacked out, just like everyone else, woke up on the road.

Demetri moves to a window looking onto the bullpen where Alda can be seen sitting in a chair, hand-cuffed.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

What about our "person of interest"? Do we think she's involved?

Mark clocks Demetri's deflection of the question.

MARK

It's a dead-end. She's as clueless as the rest of us.

WEDECK

Circle back on it anyway. We're grasping at straws at this point.

Wedeck turns to Janis.

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED: (2)

54

WEDECK (CONT'D)

Janis. Wanna share what you saw?

JANIS

(hesitant)

I was getting a prenatal sonogram.

54B

**FLASH FORWARD: a SONOGRAPHER moves a probe over Janis' pregnant belly as she watches a monitor showing a grainy image of a gestating fetus.**

54B

JANIS (CONT'D)

Somehow, I knew the baby was about seventeen weeks old. A little girl. But -- I'm obviously not pregnant. And I don't even have a boyfriend right now.

\*

DEMETRI

Well it sounds like you're about to get lucky soon.

JANIS

No. This whole thing's gotta be bunk. I can't conceive. My gyno told me last year. I had cervical cancer.

The others take this in. Weird. Mark looks to Wedeck.

MARK

What about you, sir?

WEDECK

I was in a meeting. And I happened to glance down at the paper.

54C

**FLASH FORWARD: Wedeck in the bathroom, reading the paper.**

54C

WEDECK (CONT'D)

Sports page. The Rays rallied from a three-run deficit to sweep the Sox at Fenway --

(recalling more)

And there was another story -- Kobe Bryant tore a ligament in his knee. Benched for the season.

DEMETRI

You remember any other stories?

Wedeck nods.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

You should write 'em down. The Post has a circulation of what, a million? How many other people were reading it then, too? Lotta notes to compare.

MARK

And it's not just the Post. It's all the other news outlets. Seven billion people caught a glimpse of the future. Maybe one of them knows why this happened. We should start comparing people's stories.

DEMETRI

How do you compare seven billion stories?

JANIS

You create a website. Let people post what they saw and cross-reference their visions. We index all the descriptions so people can search them via keywords. But we could also piggyback on it. Look for patterns.

Mark is suddenly struck by an idea.

MARK

I think that's what I was already doing.

WEDECK

What do you mean?

MARK

Mosaic. All those leads I was running down. We should start following up on them now.

DEMETRI

That investigation doesn't exist yet --

MARK

No. But it will. In my flash-forward, I was investigating what caused this. I seemed to have an idea why all of this was happening - and those people, the places I saw on the board --

(CONTINUED)

He looks at them with certainty.

MARK (CONT'D)

-- they were part of the puzzle.  
Mosaic. I'm certain of it.

WEDECK

Fine. We'll set up an interagency task force. As far as this office is concerned, you three own this.

DEMETRI

This is insane. We're running point on this because he saw us running point?

WEDECK

Works for me. The whole world's on pins and needles. Air traffic's been grounded. People are scared to leave their homes, walk across the street. Hell, we've got martial law in half the country --  
(turning to Mark for emphasis)

Priority number one is finding out what caused this. Priority two is figuring out whether or not it'll happen again. Got it?

MARK

Yes, sir.

Mark paces, trying to remember images from his flash-forward. Demetri stands by a cork board (which we realize is the same board we saw in Mark's vision). As Mark calls out phrases, Demetri writes them on cards and pins them to the board.

A few cards have already been pinned to the board -- names, locations, nothing that makes sense right now.

And although the overall picture of leads is far from complete, we should notice that these specific cards -- their placement and the handwriting on them -- exactly match those seen in Mark's vision.

MARK

I remember a name: D. Gibbons.

55

CONTINUED:

55

55A **We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of Mark's FLASH-FORWARD. The photo** 55A  
**labeled with the "D. Gibbons" name on it.**

Demetri writes the name on a card and pins it up.

Mark continues pacing, trying to conjure up more information.

MARK (CONT'D)

There was a photograph of a doll.  
The doll was burned, the head  
melted. A bullet casing was  
nearby.

55B

**We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of the MELTED DOLL PHOTOGRAPH.** 55B

Demetri writes "BABY DOLL PHOTOGRAPH?" and pins it up.

Mark keeps thinking. Remembers another image:

55C

**We see a BRIEF GLIMPSE of the BALTIMORE MAP and the scrap** 55C  
**of paper with the words "BLUE HAND " on it.**

MARK (CONT'D)

Something about Baltimore, a hand --  
(correcting himself)  
-- no, a "blue hand." That's what  
it said.

DEMETRI

What does that mean?

MARK

I don't know. Just put it up.

Demetri writes it down and pins the card to the board. Mark  
absently glances at his wrist.

MARK (CONT'D)

I was wearing one of those  
friendship bracelets.

55D

**FLASH-FORWARD: the friendship bracelet.** 55D

MARK (CONT'D)

You know, like kids make?

DEMETRI

(nodding)  
What else?

MARK

Those are all the leads I can  
remember.

(CONTINUED)



55

CONTINUED: (2)

55

DEMETRI

What about your state of mind?  
What were you doing?

55E

**FLASH-FORWARD: Mark nervous, loading a round in his SIG.** 55E

MARK

I was chambering a round. I was  
scared to death.

DEMETRI

You were scared in here?

MARK

Yeah. The office was empty. But  
then someone was coming for me.  
They were wearing masks.

55F

**FLASH-FORWARD: The approaching silhouetted figures wearing their eerie translucent masks.** 55F

55G

**FLASH-FORWARD: The THREE-STAR TATTOO on the figure's wrists.** 55G

MARK (CONT'D)

One of them had a tattoo on his  
arm.

Mark grabs a card, DRAWS the tattoo from memory. Pins it up.  
He focuses on the name "D. Gibbons".

MARK (CONT'D)

How many D. Gibbons do you think  
there are in the world?

DEMETRI

Could be thousands.

MARK

Have Janis compile a list.

Mark continues staring at the cards tacked to the board.

MARK (CONT'D)

Not a hell of a lot to go on yet.

DEMETRI

At least you remember something.

Mark looks back to him, curious.

MARK

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRI

Everyone saw something. Had some kind of vision -- but I didn't see a damn thing.

MARK

Maybe it means you'll be sleeping six months from now.

DEMETRI

If I was sleeping, shouldn't I have been dreaming?

MARK

I never remember my dreams --

DEMETRI

(shaking his head)

Stop. Just stop. You know we're both thinking the same thing, so let's just say it. I didn't see anything because six months from now I'm going to be dead.

It's a chilling possibility and Mark can't deny it.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

56

INT. ANGELES REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER - ICU - NIGHT

56

Dylan Simcoe, the young boy who Olivia operated on, is unconscious, hooked up to an array of vital signs monitors. His head has been partially shaved and bandaged (a result of the emergency brain surgery that was performed).

Olivia hovers at Dylan's side, making notes on a medical chart while Bryce looks on.

OLIVIA

No luck finding his family?

BRYCE

Well his mother died on the 405. Father's name is Lloyd Simcoe. He works at Stanford. But no one's been able to locate him yet.

Olivia nods, exhausted.

OLIVIA

So even if the kid pulls through, he could still wind up an orphan.

BRYCE

Don't even go there. The important thing is, you saved his life today. Chalk that up as a victory.

OLIVIA

I'm trying, but after today --  
(changing the subject)  
What about you? How are you staying so Zen through all this?

BRYCE

Who says I am?

She looks at him, curious.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You want to know why I didn't show up for work yesterday? I've been going through some pretty heavy things recently. I don't want to go into it now. But the point is, I was out on the Venice Pier this morning -- and I was thinking about committing suicide.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

My God, Bryce, what --?

BRYCE

It's okay. It's okay. I saw a glimpse of my future and I was alive. And now, everything's changed for me. Whatever I was thinking about doing obviously wasn't meant to happen. It was like a sign from God or something. These visions were a gift, don't you think?

From Olivia's look, we can see that she's deeply troubled.

OLIVIA

Not for me.

BRYCE

Why? What did you see?

OLIVIA

(darkly)

The end of my marriage.

Bryce takes this in, silent, as Olivia walks away.

Mark pulls his Volvo into the driveway and climbs out of his car. He approaches his front door, but instead of going inside, he lowers himself to the steps. He seems lost for a moment, profoundly affected by the day's events.

NICOLE (O.C.)

Mr. Benford?

Mark turns to see Nicole standing in the open doorway.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

MARK

Yeah. How's Charlie?

NICOLE

She's fine. Sleeping.

Nicole steps out onto the porch and sits beside him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I've been watching the news all day -- they say it happened everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Yeah.

He reads the apprehension on her face.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay.

NICOLE

How do you know that? Is that what they're saying at the FBI? Do you have inside information?

MARK

I wish we did.

NICOLE

So then you don't know it's gonna be okay.

Mark is silent.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I think God did this.

MARK

Why?

NICOLE

To punish us.

57A

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

57A

Mark is on the couch, working. Charlie is asleep in his arms. Mark studies a data packet, hi-lighting details.

CLOSE ON DATA PACKET

A list of "D. Gibbons", with a profile on each. Mark turns a page, then hi-lights something: "GIBBONS, DEACON. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. DIVINE DOLL COMPANY."

57AA

**FLASH-FORWARD: The photo and rap sheet labeled "D. Gibbons" on it. The photograph of the charred doll head.**

57AA

As Mark absorbs this connection, then notices HEADLIGHTS approaching outside the house. Mark moves to the front door, holding Charlie. He opens it to reveal Aaron.

MARK

Thanks for coming.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

AARON

No problem.

MARK

(re: Charlie)

Let me get her to bed and we'll talk.

57B INT. BENFORD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

57B

Mark and Aaron are sitting at the island. Mark is troubled and hesitant regarding what he's about to say.

MARK

I was drinking again. In my flash-forward.

57BA **FLASH-FORWARD: We're back in Mark's office. As before, 57BA he's studying the Mosaic investigation board with a sense of urgency. Red-eyed, unshaven. Cuts and abrasions on his face. As if he's been through hell and back.**

**And now we glimpse a moment that we didn't see before: Mark taking a long pull from a silver flask. We note the FRIENDSHIP BRACELET on his wrist.**

MARK (CONT'D)

And in my head, I knew it wasn't just a one-time thing. I was full-fledged drinking again. All the anxiety, the complete sense of hating myself -- it was all back.

Aaron takes this in.

AARON

Just because you saw that, doesn't mean it's gonna happen. And even if this future stuff is real. Maybe that's a blessing in disguise. Maybe because you saw it, you can change it. Ghost of Christmas Future crap.

MARK

What if I can't?

AARON

People relapse. I have. You pick yourself up again.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Olivia said she'd leave me if I stumbled again. She made that clear.

AARON

Then don't stumble.

Aaron reaches into a ROOSTER-SHAPED COOKIE JAR and scoops out a handful of vanilla wafers, starts munching on them.

AARON (CONT'D)

Until you see something that corroborates these visions, it's all fantasy. Future's still up in the air.

MARK

You're a terrible sponsor, you know that?

AARON

What do you want me to say? You're worried what you saw might come true. I've got the opposite problem.

MARK

What do you mean?

AARON

My daughter Tracy was killed in Afghanistan. Buried in Arlington. You were at the funeral, right?

Mark nods. Aaron leans in, emotions rising.

AARON (CONT'D)

But in my flash-forward, she was alive.

57BB

**FLASH-FORWARD: Aaron stands before his daughter TRACY (25) in a burnt-out building. Possibly Afghanistan. She's WOUNDED. FOUR TALIBAN SOLDIERS stand guard nearby.**

57BB

MARK

That doesn't make any sense. They ID'd her remains.

AARON

I know. I can't explain it -- but it was her. I'm certain of it. She's out there, somewhere. She needs me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57B

CONTINUED: (2)

57B

AARON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Two years I've been putting her to rest, and now -- I don't know what to think. I'm confused. Hopeful. I'm angry that I'm hopeful.

(intense)

You're worried your future's gonna come true. I'm worried mine won't.

58

OMITTED

58

59

OMITTED

59

60

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

60

Mark stands on a ladder, working on the motor housing of the garage door opener with a set of tools. After a beat, the garage door suddenly BEGINS TO OPEN, startling him.

It's Olivia's car. Mark moves aside, allowing her to pull in. Olivia climbs out of her car, shell-shocked from the day's events. She looks up at the garage door motor housing.

OLIVIA

You fixed the garage door.

MARK

(simply)

It was a slow day.

At this Olivia breaks down and crumples into his arms.

60A

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

60A

Mark and Olivia are in the doorway, watching Charlie sleep.

61

INT. BENFORD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

Mark and Olivia have just finished making love, trying to purge the day's overwhelming stress. To connect in some way.

He rolls off her, out of breath. She stares at the ceiling. Despite their intentions, they are miles apart. Then:

MARK

Do you remember our song?

(CONTINUED)



61

CONTINUED:

61

OLIVIA

What?

MARK

The one we danced to at our  
wedding.

OLIVIA

(without skipping a beat)  
Etta James. "At Last".

Mark nods, remembering now. Olivia turns to him:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What did you see?

Mark knows exactly what she means.

MARK

I was at my office, working on a  
case -- it was this. What caused  
the flash-forwards. I got the  
sense that I was in danger. Then  
it ended.

OLIVIA

Nothing else?

Mark hesitates, remembering:

61A

**FLASH-FORWARD: Mark drinking from the flask as seen  
before.**

61A

MARK

(lying)

No. That was it.

Mark rolls over, looks at her.

MARK (CONT'D)

What about you?

Olivia doesn't answer. From her posture, we know it's bad.

MARK (CONT'D)

Babe?

OLIVIA

I don't want to talk about it.

MARK

Why?

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED: (2)

61

OLIVIA

Because it was too upsetting.

MARK

I need to hear it, whatever it was.

OLIVIA

No you don't.

MARK

Come on. What did you see?

She sits onto the edge of the bed, her back to him.

OLIVIA

Mark, please. Just leave it alone.

MARK

(insistent)

Olivia. What did you see?

Olivia hesitates, trying to find the words.

OLIVIA

I was with another man --

MARK

Who?

OLIVIA

I don't know. I've never seen him  
before --

**FLASH-FORWARD:**

62

**INT. BENFORD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

62

**Olivia is in bed. The very same bed she and Mark are currently laying in. She sits up, pulling on a robe.**

OLIVIA (V.O.)

He wasn't there at first. He was  
downstairs.

**Olivia walks into the hall, following the television sounds.**

63

**INT. BENFORD HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

63

**Olivia moves to the railing, looks below --**

(CONTINUED)

**A SLENDER, INTENSE-LOOKING MAN (40S)**

is sitting on the couch, drinking a beer, wearing only a pair of jeans. A FIRE is burning in the fireplace. He seems troubled. As we will come to learn, this is LLOYD SIMCOE.

OLIVIA (V.O.)

I don't know who he was. And yet --  
in my vision -- I felt these  
intense emotions for him.

Olivia smiles down at the man and speaks:

OLIVIA

Hey, honey.

As the man turns to look at her we're --

BACK IN THE PRESENT

Mark is rattled by the revelation. But Olivia is absolutely devastated. She's crying now, uncontrollably.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I don't understand it. I would  
never betray you like that. I  
would never cheat on you.

Mark pulls her to him, halfheartedly echoing Aaron's words.

MARK

Just because we saw these things  
doesn't mean they're going to  
happen.

But we can see on Mark's face that he isn't so sure.

FOLLOWING a MAN (40s) as he hurries through the ward. We're on his back, so we don't yet see his face. He rounds a corner, making a bee-line for the bed of --

DYLAN SIMCOE

the young boy that Olivia and Bryce recently operated on. Bryce is still watching the sleeping boy, sitting in a nearby chair. He looks up as the man approaches.

MAN

Dylan --

IT'S LLOYD SIMCOE

the man we just saw in Olivia's flash-forward.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, you are --?

LLOYD

His father. Lloyd Simcoe. How is he --?

BRYCE

He's stable. He suffered some internal injuries and he also underwent surgery to remove a blood clot in his brain. But he's gonna pull through.

(beat)

His attending doctor, Olivia Benford, will be here in the morning. She can fill you in on more of the details.

LLOYD

Then I'll wait for her.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

64A EXT. BENFORD HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

64A

Mark sits on Charlie's swing set. His eyes are fixed on --

HIS WIFE

moving past one of the lighted master bedroom windows. A few seconds pass, then the bedroom light goes off.

CHARLIE (O.C.)

Daddy?

Mark turns, sees his daughter, Charlie, in her pajamas.

MARK

What are you doing up, sweetie?

CHARLIE

I had a bad dream. I dreamt there were no more good days.

He reaches for her, pulls her onto his lap.

MARK

C'mere.

CHARLIE

Why was Mommy crying?

MARK

She was just scared. But it's okay now.

CHARLIE

Are you scared?

MARK

No, honey. I'm fine.

He notices that she's holding something, changes the subject.

MARK (CONT'D)

What do you have there?

CHARLIE

Something I made for you. I think you're going to be scared. And I want you to have it.

Mark is puzzled by this. Charlie opens her hand, revealing a MULTI-COLORED FRIENDSHIP BRACELET made of embroidery floss.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: 64A

64AA **FLASH-FORWARD: Mark at his desk, wearing the hand-made "FRIENDSHIP BRACELET" on his wrist.** 64AA

Mark continues staring at the bracelet, shaken.

64AB MEMORY FLASH 64AB

Aaron at the kitchen island across from Mark, hours earlier.

AARON

Until you see something that corroborates these visions, it's all fantasy. Future's still up in the air.

BACK TO MARK

His daughter's gesture seems to confirm his worst fears: the future seems inevitable.

CHARLIE

Take it, Daddy.

Mark doesn't want to. More than anything. But he does.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Do you want me to help you put it on?

MARK

(with mounting dread)

Sure.

65 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - NIGHT 65

Demetri is on the phone, watching an internet video.

VIDEO

Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton, circa 1983, performing "Islands In The Stream" before a live studio audience.

DEMETRI

(into phone)

Yeah. I'm watching it right now. And if that's the song you want, it's yours, honey.

He listens to the phone, somber.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

We can talk about the future when I get home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

I don't want you to worry about anything. It's all good.

But it's clear that Demetri is deeply troubled when he says this. Just then, Janis walks up to him, urgent.

JANIS

Dem, you gotta see this.

DEMETRI

(into phone)

I gotta go. I love you.

(hanging up, to Janis)

What is it?

She leans past him, starts working his computer.

JANIS

As far as we know, everyone on the planet -- all lost consciousness for the exact same period of time, right? So I started cycling through surveillance cams. I was curious to see what they recorded.

She brings up a series of video windows -- each one depicting a camera feed: intersections, bank lobbies, etc. Although the locales are different, the one consistent element is that every single human being is unconscious.

JANIS (CONT'D)

I went through hundreds of them. I checked every major city, even web cams in other countries. And they all show the same thing -- you see people dropping like flies. Two minutes and seventeen seconds later, they start to come to.

(beat)

Then I saw this.

She expands one of the windows -- a camera view of a baseball stadium.

JANIS (CONT'D)

This was in Detroit.

Demetri leans in -- thousands of people are unconscious in the stands. Players are sprawled on the field.

DEMETRI

What am I supposed to be seeing?

(CONTINUED)

JANIS

Just a few more seconds, here --

She points to the upper right corner of the screen. After a beat, a LONE, DISTANT FIGURE appears in the stands. AWAKE, moving amongst the unconscious people.

DEMETRI

No way.

Janis zooms in. The figure is grainy. Hard to make out if it's a man or woman. Or even human. But it is unmistakably awake and moving with purpose.

Demetri watches, transfixed. After a few moments, the figure begins to disappear into shadow. But Janis freeze-frames the image before we lose the figure completely.

JANIS

Who the hell is that? And why are they awake?

Demetri stares at the ghostly figure, at a complete loss.

END EPISODE